

## **You Are Home: A Mike and Eleven Fanfic by AlfonsinayElMar**

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**Summary:** Midway through Episode 9 of Season 2 - Mike and Eleven finally get some alone time to reconnect - Eleven's POV - Mike's POV forthcoming!

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### You Are Home: A Stranger Things Fanfic

[WARNING: This is a possible scene that could've taken place midway through Ep 9 of Season Two, titled "The Gate" - It contains some **SPOILERS**]

[DISCLAIMER: I Don't own these characters or this show or anything, really.]

#### *After The Gate is Closed – Eleven's POV*

She had missed the way he smelled. Woodsy and clean, the same way her new surroundings had smelled that first day when she'd escaped from the bad place: like trees and water and sky and freedom. But also in a way that was all his own—a way that made her sure that if she was to stick out her tongue and taste him—his neck or cheek, perhaps—it would taste of salt. And she would like it. Over all, Mike smelled like home.

It was all over now. The Upside Down was gone along with the shadow monster, and these people—her friends—were safe again. The boy, Will, whose sufferings she still felt responsible for, was conscious now. Joyce had recently brought him to their home, where all her friends had finally reunited. Will was weak and tired but better, and smiling up at his friends, and at her, from the crevices of his mama's embrace. Dustin, Lucas, THAT GIRL, and Mike formed a closed circle completed by Joyce and Will on one end and by herself on the other. Outside this circle, but close by, stood Hopper, Mike's sister and Will's brother, and the boy with the nice hair (though his face had seen better days—had the demodogs done that?).

Happy tears, relief, laughter, Lucas and Dustin's mandatory bickering, all of these things made her incredibly happy, but they were also somewhat drowned out by Mike and his woodsy and salty smell that almost called to her, and by THAT GIRL standing much too close to him and to his smell!

She hated that girl! Through her half-formed thoughts concerning her

feelings for Mike, and despite the spectrum of fears and anxieties that she'd experienced in her short life, she was discovering a wholly new set of anxieties—a new type of fear: What if Mike thought *this* girl was "pretty"? What if he liked her "more than friends"? What if he pressed *his* lips against *hers*?

Eleven had to press her eyes and lips together tightly at this last thought. To squeeze her hands into tight fists and breathe hard from her nose to calm herself. To calm her anger, yes, but most of all her hurt. Because that's what she was really feeling now; anger she had known a lot of these past few days, but this right now was pain. It hurt to think that Mike might not want her around anymore, that he might want this new girl and that he'd forget about her.

And then she felt a hand take hold of hers, she felt its slight pressure, and when she opened her eyes she saw Mike. He'd moved closer to her and was staring intently into her face with a look that asked if she was OK. She could do nothing but blankly stare back at him, lost in his touch.

"Hey, El... are you OK? Do you, maybe, need some air outside?" he asked, in a wavering whisper, and he gestured with his head towards the front door.

Eleven nodded, and Mike, still holding on, now tightly, to her hand, led her through the others and towards the porch.

He closed the door behind them, creating a small world of fresh air—of "privacy," as he had once told her—for just the two of them.

"Are you OK, El? You looked a little gone back there and I wasn't sure if you-

"Yes." Eleven interrupted. "I'm fine, Mike," she whispered, smiling slightly.

"El, uhm... I, uhm... oh, do you want to sit?" he asked, but immediately started moving towards the porch steps—still not letting go of her hand. As Eleven followed, she started to forget the fear and pain and anger that had assaulted her just a few minutes ago.

"I missed you so much, El. I, just... I've been holding it in for so long. But I just need to tell you. I missed you." He blurted out, his eyes filling up with tears and his breathing accelerating.

"I missed you too, Mike.. Everyday!"

Eleven couldn't help herself. She brought her head down closer to him and to the delicious "Mike scent" coming from his chest. At that same moment, Mike brought his own head down, pressing his forehead onto hers. They stayed that way. Smelling each other, enjoying each other's warmth and the exhilarating feeling shooting through their bodies. Slowly, Mike brought his free hand to Eleven's face, and gently ran the back of his fingers down her cheek while bringing his thumb to her cheekbone, wet with her falling tears.

She pulled away from him then, ever so slightly. She wanted to look at him, at his eyes, while still being close to him. His eyes, so large and pretty and wet now, seemed to peer into her very being, and she couldn't look away.

At that moment she remembered Kali.

Kali. Her sister. Her family. One of the many people who had offered her a "home." Kali had felt "whole" in Eleven's presence, like a piece that had been missing from her had now returned. Eleven had said she understood. She felt like she did.... at first. Soon after, though, she realized she still had that missing piece inside herself. And though the life of the "outcast," as Kali called it, had briefly enticed Eleven, she soon felt that strong pull to Hawkins, to Hopper, and most of all... to Mike.

Mike. Her first friend. Her first protector. Starring into Mike's eyes now, Eleven realized that she had not understood Kali at all before. She hadn't known what it was like to feel whole, until now.

"Mike..." she whispered, and with the sound of her voice Mike seemed to quiver.

"Mike, *you* are home. You are *my* home—

**To Be Continued....** [through Mike's POV!]

[Please, guys, if you have some extra time, please let me know what you think! Critiques and suggestions for improvement are welcome! I want to get better :D 3 ]